

### To Subordinate Divisions.

A good brother said to us the other day "Enough of us meet from week to week to constitute a quorum for the transaction of business; we have no dissensions; we all love the Order; but there is no life in us; no energy; no enthusiasm." Many are inquiring as to the means of increasing the interest in Division rooms.

We shall, in this brief article, invite the attention of our brethren to one suggestion, which, if considered and attended to, will have a powerful influence in correcting this state of things.

There must be more friendly intercourse between subordinate Divisions. Let two or three members be appointed to visit the neighboring Divisions occasionally, report the condition of the temperance cause, the state of their Division, invite them to return the call, and thus strengthen the bond of union, and impart new vigor and inspire new hopes. There is no estimating the life-giving effect of such interchange of friendly greeting. "Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

"He that watereth shall be watered himself." There is no mistaking the principle, and there will be no failure in its application. We affectionately exhort the brethren to try this method and see if it will not produce fruit an hundred fold. Son of Temperance, bring this subject before your Division!

### Report on the Maine Law.

We invite the especial attention of our readers to the Report, on our first page, made by a Committee, to the Legislature of Maine. We know not how we could render a better service to our readers, and the public, than by publishing this report entire. The school of experience is the most valuable, and the Representatives of the people who have tried a law of prohibition, are able to speak "by the book." The miserable croakers in the political journals tell us occasionally that "the Maine Law works very badly," "it is very unpopular at home," and it is absurd to think of introducing it elsewhere. Read this report and then judge. It is an able document, and it would not hurt judges and lawyers to examine it as well as others.

### Profanity.

It is lamentable to what an extent profanity prevails among the youth of our country. The vice seems to be contagious. Little boys who are but just learning the use of language, whose parents give them religious instruction and who have the advantages of Sabbath School, mouth oaths which would put an old sailor to the blush.

Profanity is not only wicked but it is vulgar, low, ungentelemanly and disgusting. We hope none of our youthful readers are guilty of using profane language. If you are, quit it at once, or you will never be a gentleman or a fit companion for decent persons of either sex.

The friends of temperance in Pennsylvania, are doing a noble work for the cause. They are sure of triumph.

Montgomery, April 28th, 1853.

Mr. S. F. CARY.—Dear Sir:—At a series of meetings of the citizens of Montgomery and vicinity, the following preamble and resolutions were discussed and passed, and by the last meeting that was held, we are ordered to have them published in the Enquirer, Gazette, Presbyterian of the West and your inestimable sheet, the Temperance Organ.

Whereas, the retail traffic and use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage, has done more directly and indirectly, to populate our Lunatic Asylums, Poor Houses, Jails and State Prisons, than any many evils put together. And in some instances has thrown its controlling influence over the press and public assemblies, and is the successful machine through which ignorant office seeking demagogues, who have neither morals nor ability, have obtained important places of profit and trust.

And whereas, it has cast its blighting and withering effects over the private walks of life, and retarded the progress of education, corrupted the morals of community, and spread misery and want, and premature disease, decay and death on every hand. And inasmuch as we have petitioned the legislature to enact laws to prohibit a traffic fraught with so much evil, and that our thousands upon thousands of petitions have failed to induce that honorable body to give the matter that attention so important a subject demands. Therefore,

1. Resolved, That while the dram shops and dram drinking are continued in our State, we can not enjoy the happiness and prosperity, which our political institutions guarantee to us.

2. That we deem it the duty of our legislature, in view of the popular sentiment of this State, to pass a law as near in conformity with the Maine Liquor Law, as the Constitution and interest of the State of Ohio will allow.

3. That we believe it to be the duty of every patriotic citizen of our State to use all proper means to effect the above reform; we therefore will oppose the nomination and election of any man to our State Legislature, who is known to be hostile to the above, and we cannot consistently support any man for office who is guilty of the above political and moral evil, and who is known to be opposed to its reform.

### The Wife's Gentle Reproof.

One day as Zachariah Hodgson was going to his daily avocations after breakfast, he purchased a fine large codfish, and sent it home, with directions to his wife to have it cooked for dinner. As no particular mode of cooking was prescribed, the good woman well knew that, whether she boiled it or made it into chowder, her husband would scold when he came home. But she resolved to please him once, if possible, and therefore cooked several portions of it in several different ways. She, also, with some difficulty, procured an amphibious animal from a brook back of the house, and plumped it into the pot. In due time her husband came home; some covered dishes were placed on the table, and with a frowning, fault-finding look, the moody man commenced the conversation:

"Well, wife, did you get the fish I bought?"

"Yes, my dear."

"I should like to know how you cooked it. I will bet anything you have spoiled it for my eating. (Taking off the cover,) I thought so.—What in creation possessed you to fry it? I would as lief eat a boiled frog."

"Why, my dear, I thought you loved it best fried."

"You didn't think any such thing. You knew better—I never loved fried fish—why didn't you boil it?"

"My dear, the last time we had fresh fish, you know I boiled it, and you said you liked it best fried. But I have boiled some also."

So saying, she lifted a cover, and lo! the shoulders of the cod nicely boiled, were neatly deposited in a dish, a sight of which would have made an epicure rejoice, but which added to the ill-nature of her husband.

"A pretty dish, this!" exclaimed he, "boiled fish chips and porridge! If you had not been one of the most stupid of womankind, you would have made it into a chowder!"

His patient wife, with a smile, immediately placed a tureen before him, containing an excellent chowder.

"My dear," said she, "I was resolved to please you. Here is your favorite dish."

"Favorite dish, indeed! I dare say it is an unpalatable wish-washy mess. I would rather have a boiled frog than the whole of it."

This was a common expression of his, and had been anticipated by his wife, who, as soon as the preference was expressed, uncovered a large dish near her husband, and there was a large BULL FROG, of portentous dimensions, and pugnacious aspect, stretched out at full length! Zachariah sprung from his chair, not a little frightened at the unexpected apparition.

"My dear," said his wife, in a kind, entreating tone, "I hope you will at length be able to make a dinner."

Zachariah could not stand this. His surly mood was finally overcome, and he burst into a hearty laugh. He acknowledged that his wife was right, and that he was wrong; and declared that she should never again have occasion to read him such another lesson; and he was as good as his word.

Our friend of the Lancaster Express has advertised for rags, to be delivered at his office. What's the meaning of this? He is the first editor of a reform journal that we ever knew to be in want of rags.—[Ex.]

Why, the fact is, friend, we can dispose of rags to advantage, while the purchase of them, at a fair price, is often a god-send, to the poor victims of the liquor traffic. Besides, we want to make hay while the sun shines.—When the prohibitory law is passed in Pennsylvania, rags will be scarce. Poor people will then take their cast-off garments to cut up into carpet rags—a luxury which the poor drunkard's family cannot now enjoy. Are you satisfied?—Express.

PUNCTUALITY.—Few are aware how much time is lost by a want of punctuality. Twenty men meet together for business, detained fifteen minutes by the slack-twisted habits of one, lost in all no less than five hours of time—a donation which they have to make usually with no thanks, or a very faint and flippant apology. A celebrated Frenchman, employed in official duties, found that his wife was habitually ten minutes too late in coming to dinner. He found the difficulty incurable, and therefore determined to write a book. "He fixed on his subject, thought of it during his walk to and from home, wrote during these ten minutes every day and no longer, and in the course of a couple of years published one of the most able books of the age."

CONFAB.—Dutchman.—Goot moryer, Patrick, how you dus?

Irishman.—Good mornin' till ye, Mike—think ye we'll get any rain today?

Dutchman.—I kess not—ve never has much rain in a very try dime.

Irishman.—Faith an' ye're right there, Mike; and thin, whiniver it gits in the way of rainin', the devil a bit o' dhry weather will we git as long as the wet weather houlds.

Sermon.—Laurence Sterne was the son of an Irish Lieutenant. This gentleman seem to have been a sort of military nomad, and to have wandered about in the service of his sovereign quite too much for the good of his family.—His children were born as follows: a girl in Kildare, a boy, Laurence, at Clonmel, Ireland, a boy at Plymouth, (died young); a girl in the Isle of Wight, (died young); a boy at Wicklow, Ireland, (died young); a girl at Carrickfergus, Ireland, (died young); and another at Londonderry, who survived. Sterne was born in 1713, and after having been carried from place to place, with his family, and welcomed into the world last of his various brothers and sisters, was placed at school in Halifax, at the age of nine.

From school he was sent to Cambridge, by his cousin, in 1729, his father having died in March of that year. After leaving here, in 1736, he took holy orders, and was presented by his uncle, who was a dignitary in the church, with a living at Sutton, in Yorkshire. He lived at this place about twenty years, marrying a Yorkshire lady in 1741, by whom he had a daughter. From his marriage he obtained a second living in Yorkshire. His uncle also gained for him the prebend of York. During the twenty at Sutton he lived rather a gay life, and quarreled with the neighboring clergymen. "Books," he informs us, "painting, fiddling and shooting were my amusements." A Charity Sermon, his first publication, appeared in 1747, followed by another sermon in 1750.

From Sutton he moved to York, and printed there, in 1759, the first two volumes of Tristram Shandy. Tristram made a great stir. The public were divided in their opinion of its merits, but everybody read it. He was welcomed in London on going there in 1760, with great distinction. His brother ministers and the more prudish part of the community seem to have persecuted him. Their condemnation he bore with philosophy, reflecting that it would at least make him better known.—"The way to fame," he muses, "is like the way to Heaven, through much tribulation, and till I shall have the honor to be so much maltreated, as Rabelais and Swift were, I must continue humble, for I have not filled up the measure of half their persecutions." At London he published in 1760, while his popularity was fresh, two volumes of Sermons, which the public swallowed with a keen relish. It has been said of them, with equivocal praise, that "they maintained the character of the author for wit, genius, and eccentricity." Gray said of Sterne's Sermons, "they show a strong imagination, and a sensible heart, but you often see their author tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of his audience."

Lord Falconbridge now presented Sterne with the curacy of Coxwold. Two more volumes of Tristram Shandy appeared in 1761, and two more in 1762,—all received with great applause. This year our author went to France, and left his wife and daughter there several years. In 1764, he sent forth four volumes more of sermons, and the same year made another continental tour, going as far as Italy. In the year following he published volumes seven and eight, of Tristram Shandy, and two years later, volume ninth, his last.—He was employed during the summer in writing the "Sentimental Journey" at Coxwold his "sweet retirement." Towards the end of the year, he left his residence at York, and went to London. Here he published "The Sentimental Journey" early in 1768, and died at his boarding place in March.

After his death, his letters were published. Those to his daughter are said to be extremely touching. But in general, his writings showed more tenderness than his life, and he is classed by Moore among those literary men, with whom the seat of sensibility has been transferred from the heart to the brain.

MADAME DE POMPADOUR.—The mistress of Louis XV, during the nineteen years of her favor, cost France not less than thirty-seven millions of francs. The Paris correspondent of the New York Express says:

And it is curious to see monthly pension secured her by the King swell to 30,000 livres a month, during the period of her grandeur, and fall down to 4000, as the passion of her royal lover cooled. Her presents received from him, which amounted to nearly as much as the monthly allowance, follow the same ratio of progression and diminution. Madame de Pompadour used to equalize her budget of gambling, and the items referring to this source of income, show that she was pretty generally the winner. As thus: 31 May, 1752, won at Marly 28,000 livres; 1763, won at Marly 20,489 livres. When the columns refused to foot up without leaving a deficit, she sold her jewels, and they too figure to fill her money crib. She spent, during the 'reign,' a million and a half in pocket money; three millions in traveling; a million for her servants; half a million to pay the debts of her father; half a million in candles; two millions in horses and carriages; and proportionate sums in the other necessities and luxuries of life—in all the bagatelle of thirty-seven millions. A considerable amount was annually bestowed by her in charity. When she died, she possessed just thirty-seven Louis! She finished her career with much less than the stock with which Miss de Maintenon commenced hers, two large eyes full of fun, a fine shape, a pair of beautiful hands, and four dollars!

On a trial charging the defendant with the crime of rape, recently tried in Western Indiana, the judge in his charge to the jury, told them, if they found the defendant guilty, they must say in their verdict how long he must serve in the Legislature.

Mrs. Partington is visiting Pittsburgh. She is stopping in the rhubarbs of the city.